And our indentures tripartite are drawne
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſines that this night may execute:)
To morrow cooſen *Percy* you and I
And my good Lord of *Worceſter* will ſet forth,
To meet your father and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed vs at *Shrewsbury*.
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his helpe theſe foureteene daies;
Within that ſpace, you may haue drawne together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.
Glen. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you Lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whome you now muſt ſteale and take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.
Hot. Me thinks my moity *North* from *Burton* heere
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monſtrous ſcantle out:
Ile haue the currant in this place damnd vp,
And here the ſmug and ſiluer *Trent* ſhall run,
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deepe indent
To rob me of ſo rich a bottome here.
Glen. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.
Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his courſe, & runs me vp, with like aduantage on the other ſide, gelding the oppoſed continent, as much, as on the other ſide it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this North ſide, win this cape of land
And then he runs ſtraight and euen.
Hot. Ile haue it ſo, a little charge will do it.
Glen. Ile not haue it altred.
Hot. Will not you?
Glen. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glen. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not vnderſtand you then, ſpeak it in
Glen. I can ſpeake *Engliſh* Lord, as well as you,
For I was traind vp in the *Engliſh* Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the Harpe
Many an *Engliſh* dittie, louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpefull ornament:
A vertue that was neuer ſeene in you.
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame miter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a braſen canſticke turnd,
Or a dry wheele grate on the axele-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing ſo much as minſing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling nag.
Glen. Come you ſhall haue *Trent* turnd.
Hot. I doe not care, Ile giue thrice ſo much land
To any well deſeruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the indentures drawne? ſhall we begone?
Glen. The Moone ſhines faire, you may away by ni
Ile haſt the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer*, E
Mor. Fie, cooſen *Percy*, how you croſſe my father.
Hot. I cannot chuſe, ſometime he angers me
With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies:
And, of a dragon and a finleſſe fiſh,
A clip-wingd Griffin, and a moulten Rauen,
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of Skimble skamble ſtuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt night, at leaſt, nine houres,
In reckoning vp the ſeuerall diuels names.